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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 7 MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 14, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

What Are You Living For?

What are you living for? Time passes on;
To-day, with its openings, soon will be gone;
Many an aching heart, saddened and true,
Waits for some sympathy, close by your side.

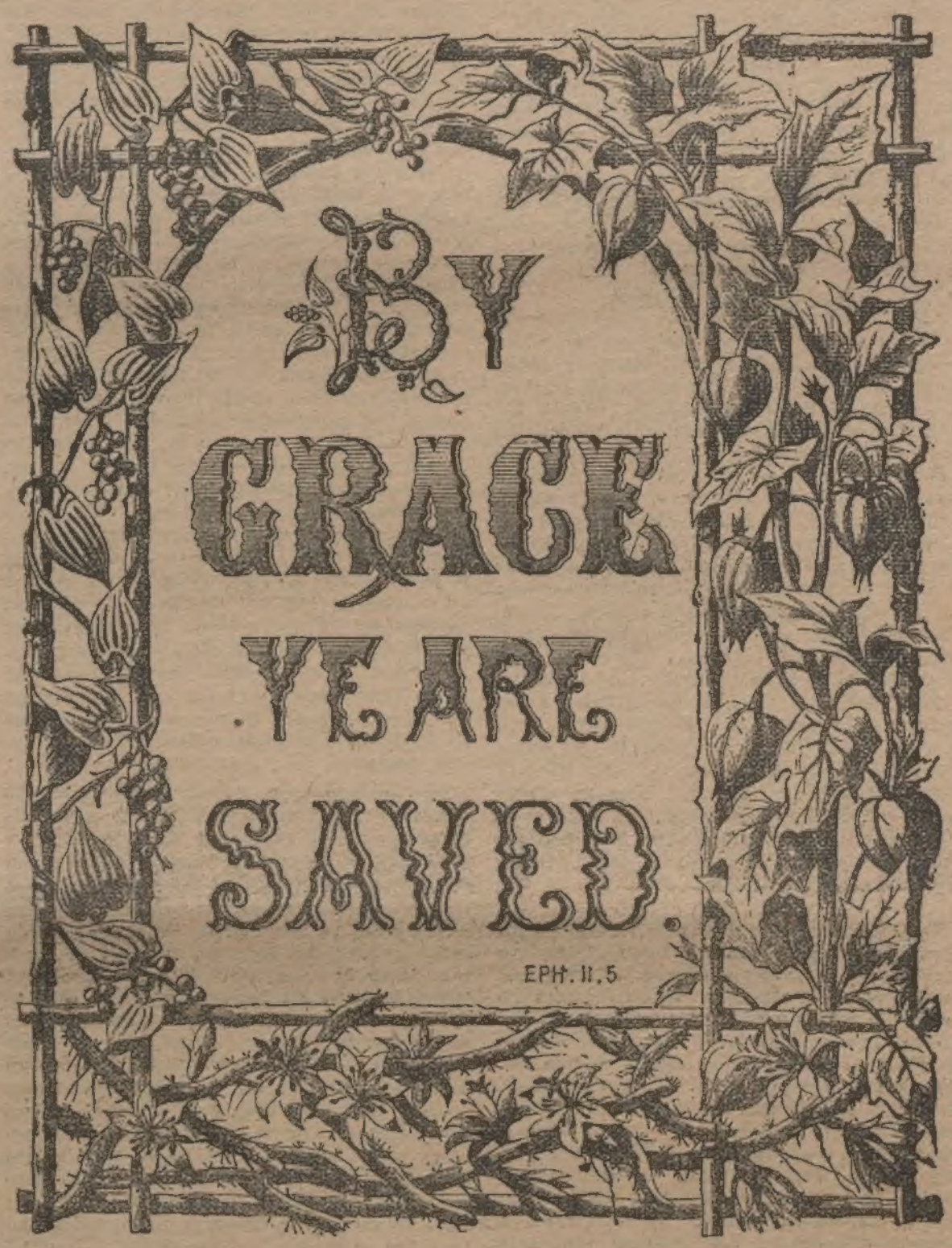
Many a suffering one, bearing his pain,
Seeks some to help him go forward again;
Many a young life, blighted through sin,
Longs, with your counsel, afresh to begin.

Many a fallen one, facing despair,
Cries for some brother his burden to share;
Many a tempted one, weak against the foe,
Is secretly longing some strong friend to know.

Many a doubting heart, fearful, oppressed,
Wants you to guide it, lead it to rest;
Many a heathen land, still dark as night,
Calls to Christ's soldiers, 'Bring us the light.'

Many a broad field, in this great, fair land,
Needs you to succor, give them a hand.
What are you living for? Why do you stay?
Numberless op'nings confront you to-day.

—'Waif.'



—'Little Folks.'

Fire From Heaven.

Whatever other power he may possess, the minister who is called to proclaim a message from God to sinful men most needs, and what everyone who is truly called to preach most desires, is a baptism of fire from heaven that touches his heart and his lips. This need was forcibly presented by Dr. Joseph Parker in an address in City Temple, London, England, before the united meeting of British Baptists and Congregationalists. In the course of his address, which dealt more particularly with the spiritual aspects of ministerial work, he said:

'It is but mockery, guilty with the guilt of blasphemy, if we have fine machinery but no fire from heaven. We need the Holy Ghost. All our prayers must grow into one great cry for the Spirit of God. The Lord's ministry is not one of the 'arts and crafts' of men—it is the sorrow of the divine heart; it is not one of the 'learned professions'—it is an experience of the altar, an offering of grateful and responsive blood; my Lord's ministry is no trick in shapely sermons 'graven of art and man's device,' no experiment in calculated stipendiary rhetoric—it is the whole life alive with love, the mind ablaze with a vision that extinguishes the sun, a will that is gladly lost in sacrificial obedience. Along that line—not mechanical, but spiritual—lies our ministry, if so be we love the Lord. That is our unfailing Sustentation Fund. Apart from such conceptions, and all that belongs to them, we shall be but verbal sorcerers, sordid hucksters trafficking in salaries, self-seekers coining God into gold. Heart of the Cross, save us from this sin of sins! Why am I so anxious thus to consolidate and unify all the best meanings and uses of true Congregationalism? For the one simple reason that I want to get rid of all problems, disquietudes and agitations that weaken and embarrass us. We cannot afford to spend much more time in rearranging and polishing our mere machinery. We want to get at the great work created for us by modern society. We must never neglect the ministry of witness bearing. Our congregations, if faithful, must more and more stand for an open Bible, a scriptural church, a spiritual hierarchy, a house not made with hands. The poorest chapel on the bleakest hillside stands for a spiritual and most holy testimony. Looked at architecturally it may be mean enough, but looked at ideally and in the thrilling poetry of its significance it is none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven. They that have passed by may have wagged their heads and railed on it, but by so doing they have but established their kinship with the gang who made the cross a jest and spat on the Son of God. I call upon my brethren working in sunless places to take a high view of their functions and responsibilities.

What Dr. Parker says of 'the poorest chapel on the bleakest hillside' in England is equally true of the humblest country church in America—it 'stands for a spiritual and most holy testimony' and its pastor is the messenger of God. What an honor is thus conferred upon the pastor of the country church and what an opportunity he has to serve his Lord!—'Congregationalist.'

Prayer for Young Men.

A young man is a very precious asset in any community. Now almost on the edge of the world's busy arena of contentious activity, or quite within the sweep of its eager rush, the young man needs prayer if anything more than the boy of the nursery or the playground. Very likely the young man—possibly as amiable and attractive as the rich youth, who came to Jesus and was told that he lacked one thing—entertains vague notions as to the propriety of being a Christian, but is postponing with a perilous negligence the question of deciding unreservedly for Jesus Christ. Quite as likely the heart of the young man, who, like an Absalom, is ambitious for the wrong prizes in life, or like a Demas, is making a god of this present world, is becoming steadily hardened as the

days go by. He is becoming the slave of his sordid ambitions, or the sport of his own unbridled appetites. Evil companions entice him from the society of the virtuous into the haunts of sin. The young man of the day is in constant peril of evil companions and moral shipwreck. This fact, added to the natural evil that is in the heart of every man, constitutes a continual call to prayer in behalf of young men. Wreckages of young lives are all too common, and no sight on earth is sadder than that of a father prematurely aged and bent with grief, because of the waywardness of a foolish or a prodigal son.

Pray for the young man, labor for him, realize the value of the young man to society and the Church. Believe in the possibility of his salvation. Employ the best agencies for his spiritual and social redemption. Cooperate with those who are experts in this line of work, and who seek the prayers and assistance of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.—Selected.

Religious Notes.

In the Salvation Army we have one which in 53 countries and colonies, has over 18,000 commissioned officers, who command over 7,000 corps of Salvation soldiery. Where the wigwam of the Indian nestles amongst the pines of the forest, and the round hut of the Zulu dots the undulating veldt, where Hindu temples rise in the shadow of stately palms, and where the Australian digger sluices the mud for the yellow gold, there are to be found the representatives of the inimitable William Booth. The work now extends into all parts of England, into Australia, Russia, Canada, Japan, India Sweden, France, Switzerland, Germany, Africa, Tasmania, New Zealand, China, Korea and the United States.

The charitable institutions of the Army include Prison-gate and Rescue Work, Inebriates' Homes, Boys' and Girls' Homes, Farm Colonies, Emigration, Naval and Military Homes, Maternity Homes, Nursing Work, Samaritan Brigades, Hospital and Benevolent Visitation, Police Court, Indian Day Schools, and other great social enterprises.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

That India is being gradually leavened with Christian influence, almost unconsciously to itself, there are many evidences. A very real change of the national attitude towards its women is taking place. For example, in the closing days of 1906 a conference of several hundreds of distinguished Indian women, including the consorts of many reigning chiefs, assembled in Calcutta to discuss the duties, disabilities and progress of Indian women, when papers were read on marriage, the purdah system, duties towards neighbors, and kindred topics. Such a gathering was without parallel in Indian history. It constituted a striking evidence of the gradual but sure extension to Indian ladies of educational enlightenment and social liberty which were denied to them until their country came under British rule. There can be no doubt, moreover, that the Christian missionary educationalist has taken a prominent share in bringing about such an alteration of sentiment. But those who have the spiritual welfare of their sisters at heart may tremble at the possible results of emancipated unevangelized Indian womanhood. The fact that such a gathering has been held should in itself constitute an appeal to women of higher education and position in Christendom to hasten thither with the glorious message of the One Redeemer.—'C. M. S. Gazette.'

As late as 1811 the combined income of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Church Missionary Society was only $50,000. In 1851, this income had risen to $1,000,000, and twenty years later it was $1,250,000. The greatest development has come in the last twenty-five years, and in 1906 the combined income of these two societies was just short of $3,000,000. But the Church of England has numerous other enterprises under way. There is the Melanesian Mission in the South Seas, the great Universities Mission to Central Africa, the Australian missions, and the Oxford and Cambridge missions in India. When gifts received from all these sources are taken into account, it appears that the people of the Church of England are giving about $4,000,000 a year for the extension of the Church abroad. Side by side with the missionary societies as one of their most efficient auxiliaries is the great British and Foreign Society, which is now publishing the Bible, or parts of it, in 400 different tongues and dialects.

Our Labrador Work.

PATIENCE AND PATIENTS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—The heavy three days equinoxial has paralyzed our Labrador fishery, and a sea that is a 'sight for the gods' is pounding into the eternal cliffs as I write.

Exactly a week ago, lying at anchor off our hospital at St. Anthony, the crew were suddenly astonished by a pigeon dashing at full speed right down the companion into the cabin. A large hawk was close on its heels, and hovering over the ship persisted in its attentions till a charge of B. B. shot prevented its doing any damage in future. It was a rough-legged buzzard—a beautiful bird very common on this coast, and most destructive to all kinds of small game. Our white-winged schooners, yes, and our black-funneled whalers and sealers, have much in the same way fled for shelter from the storm to one of our innumerable natural harbors. This coast is itself a parable—hostile and vindictive, it appears, with its sudden storms, uncharted and unlighted reefs and headlands, its eternal ice and trackless fogs. Yet, faced boldly and handled wisely, it gives way, as obstacles of every kind do to imperious man. It is like many animals whom nature endows only with pretentious dresses to frighten enemies by their hideous appearance and resemblance to animals still more dangerous. As some butterflies when resting on a leaf with their wings closed look so like a large owl that its small bird enemies conjure up the body of a monster hidden in the foliage and depart in fear—and hunger.

The ice and storm have been made to cleave up these mighty cliffs till every ..n miles from Hudson Straits to the Gulf, a good harbor awaits the mariner who knows it. The fogs and lack of lights have trained the fisherman's powers of observation and memory till he can almost verify his opinion about a breaking rock or the foot of some fog-hidden beetling cliff, by the echo that comes back to his foghorn, and his skill in finding a harbor in the darkness becomes so supernatural as almost literally to make the hair of the casual visitor lift his hat off, an involuntary tribute to his ability and daring.

With us during this, time is by no means being wasted. Our engineers are in our blown down boiler chipping off the salt that in the busy calmer weather accumulates to the danger point. When reluctantly I gave them leave to tie up the telegram for 24 hours and have the machinery to themselves, I heard a grumble as they went aft, 'none too soon neither.'

A fine young fellow of 24, a cook on a schooner lying near us, has just been aboard—'Got a cough, doctor.' As the tell-tale stethoscope bore to my ears the certain signs of rales and consolidation, it made me feel very small that I should fret and grumble at this trifling delay, when one realized the years of opportunity that have already been mine, compared with those in store for the young friend beside me.

Among my patients yesterday was a widow woman of about 40 years. Pale, emaciated and with the haggard look of one utterly weary of life—she came for 'an issue of blood'—which was steadily sapping her life. Husband lost some years ago—her child 'taken' by friends. She was out again alone in the world seeking to maintain herself by shipping as cook to a 'floater,' or green-fish catching schooner off this wild coast. Women's labor is cheaper than men's—and they cook much better.

'Can you do anything for me, doctor?' 'Yes, I can take you straight to the hospital, and give you at least six weeks' rest and food!' 'But I can't leave the boys, doctor; I'm cook, you see!' 'But this, my good friend, is one of those times when you can't stay. You will be called to leave in a way which you can't refuse to answer to.' 'It is only a week or two more, doctor. I must try to tide it over. Can't you give me something for the time? I'll be home soon.' 'Let the boys eat hard tack for that time. Six weeks hence even they will have forgotten all about it, while it may cost you your life. Besides, who will treat you at home?' 'Oh, no one; but at home, you see—'

'Yes, I know all about it. You must let me go and settle it for you.'

'I can't help it, doctor; I can't go—perhaps the boys will leave me at the hospital on our way up.'

I have tried to 'tide her over,' and shall expect them to leave her for a far longer 'rest' than I suggested as they pass south on 'the way home.' These cases puzzle one at first, but they leave a sense of gratitude that at least the cause of the blindness is a worthier one than those which make so many 'in better circumstances' throw away God's gifts of time and opportunity. The waste, too, is perhaps less grievous, and certainly not so sad.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Perhaps the short sentence that concluded Dr. Grenfell's little letter last week, 'I am delighted about the launch prospect,' was a puzzle to some of the readers who missed an earlier number. For these we may say that with the first week of the new year our fund entered on a new phase. The little launch, 'Northern Messenger,' at Harrington, in spite of splendid service during the past, has proved during the last summer too small to cope with the growing possibilities of the work. After communicating with the secretary of the 'After National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen' in England, under which society Dr. Grenfell is working, it has been decided to remove the present 'Northern Messenger' to some smaller station, receiving from the society full value for the staunch little vessel, providing we can secure a newer and much larger launch to succeed to the title and the Harrington work. The new 'Northern Messenger' we would like to see an accomplished fact for the opening of the season, and Dr. Grenfell is as confident as ourselves that this can be done. With upwards of $800 on hand, in addition to the $1,000 on the proposed launch transfer, the nest egg warrants this confidence.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch: Fort Langley and Skea Sunday School, per Douglas Symington, superintendent, $4.84; Avonton Sabbath School, $5.00; Mrs. E. Armstrong, Avonton, Ont., $2.00; Miss Mary Armstrong, Avonton, Ont., 50 cents; Miss Lizzie Armstrong, Avonton, Ont., 50 cents; James McWhinnie, Allan's Corners, P. Que., $1.00; Union Sunday School, Petitcodiac, N.B., per Mrs. G. W. Fleming, $16.90; Robt. Murray, Cloverknowe, Avening, $1.00; W. E. Traill, Waskimon, Sask., $1.00; A Helper, $5.00; J. Newton Archibald, Ingersoll, Ont., 50 cents; Friends, Fairburg, Neb., $2.00; Grenfell Club, Montreal, $1.00.
Total.. .. ..$ 41.24

Received for the cots: Fort Langley and Skea Sunday Schools, per Douglas Symington, superintendent, $4.83; Mary E. Clark, Embro, Ont., $1.00; A Friend, Quebec City, $1.00; Roy Boudreau, Farnham Centre, 50 cents; Jack Boudreau, Farnham Centre, 50 cents.
Total.. .. ..$ 7.33

Received for the komatik: Fort Langley and Skea Sunday Schools, per Douglas Symington, superintendent, $4.83; Mr. and Mrs. H. A., Lennoxville, $5.00; Total.. .. ..$ 9.83

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,249.11

Total received up to Jan. 29.. ..$ 1,307.51

The amounts received from Fort Langley and Skea Sunday Schools, $5.95 and $8.55 respectively, have been divided as suggested, as far as possible equally for the three funds.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON.—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1908.

Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda.

John v., 1-9. Memory verses 8, 9. Read John v., 1-18.

Golden Text.

Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness. Matt viii., 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 17.—John v., 1-16.
Tuesday, February 18.—John v., 17-31.
Wednesday, February 19.—John v., 32-47.
Thursday, February 20.—Matt xii., 1-13.
Friday, February 21.—Luke xiii., 10-22.
Saturday, February 22.—Isa. lviii., 1-14.
Sunday, February, 23.—Ezek. xx., 12-26.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday we learnt about a little boy who was ill and about how his father who loved him so much hurried away to find Jesus. Did Jesus make the little fellow well again? Yes, indeed, he did and without waiting until he got there to him, for he just said the words that satisfied the anxious father, and far away though the little boy was he got well at once. In our lesson to-day it is not a little boy who was ill, but a man, and the Bible says that he had been ill for thirty-eight years. There was no loving friend to hurry away and find Jesus for him but Jesus found him himself. He was lying all alone very weak and tired, when Jesus passed along that way and stopped to speak to him. Jesus was always sorry for sick people, and he knows how hard it is for us to be good when we are ill or in pain. You know there is a part of the Bible that says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.' So Jesus was very sorry for the poor man and asked him if he would like to be made well.

After telling the story pass on to the fourteenth verse and show them that Jesus was just as anxious about the soul's welfare as the body's.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Of all the miracles that John witnessed during his three years of life with Christ, he has only chosen to deal in detail with seven, four performed in the north, and three in Judea. With the exception of the feeding of the five thousand and the subsequent walking on the water, they are all recorded by John alone. The two previously considered in this course of study have been the changing of the water into wine and, last Sunday's lesson, the healing of the nobleman's son, both occurring at Cana in Galilee. To-day Christ has returned to Judea, and it is just outside of the walls of Jerusalem that the miracle of healing the impotent man was performed. It has been asked why did not Christ at a word heal all the sick gathered at this remarkable spring, but that leaves out of consideration the factor of faith which was necessary in the performance of any miracle. The others were confident and their hopes were set elsewhere. This man whose power of faith, in what by popular superstition was regarded as a direct act of God, was as strong as ever, had well-nigh lost hope of ever receiving its benefits. His heart would be ready to welcome any way of reaching the desired end. One point that should be noticed is seen in the narrowness of those who set a law against the good of a human being. 'The Sabbath was made for man,' said the Master, and the highest good of his creatures is the object in all God's law and creation. Not law but its effect is the object. 'The latter killeth, but the spirit giveth life' (II. Cor. iii., 6; Rom. vii., 6). Another point is Christ's purpose to reach the root of the matter (verse 14). His mission was to 'save his people from their sin,' and while he stayed on the way to remove its consequences, the removal of sin itself was his main desire (Mark ii., 5). The text of to-day's lesson contains one or two difficulties. Verse 2 contains the word 'market' in italics, which always denotes that this was not in the original, but supplied by the translators. The word supplied should rather have been 'gate' (Neh. iii., 1). The last clause of verse 3 and whole of verse 4 are not found in the main text of the most reliable originals, but were rather added as a commentary, recording a popular belief of the time to explain the phrase in verse 7. The spring, which is now dry, seems to have been a mineral spring bubbling up periodically, examples of such being known in the East to-day.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Let us praise God that we have no such Bethesdas in these days. You go to any of our hospitals and mark the cleanliness there. See the physician with his skill, and the nurses in their white aprons, with soft words, soft steps, and gentle touch: that is the Bethesda of Christendom to-day. O, there is an infinite gulf between Bethesda in Old Jerusalem and our hospitals! What makes it? Jesus has been walking in the porches all through the ages, and the hospital, which is peculiar to the charmed circle that we call 'Christendom' is a fruit of the philanthropy of the historic Christ. He is the divine pattern of all the beneficience which distinguishes our modern civilization.—David James Burrell.

Wilt thou be made whole? There is a way where there is a will; and nowhere else so much as in religion. If you have a yearning desire for something higher and nobler and better, this very desire is the call of God in your soul. It is the voice of Christ, saying to you 'Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be set free from thy sins?'—Henry Ward Beecher.

Every Christian congregation is a pool of Bethesda. All that gather here are somehow lame and halt and blind and diseased, and those most of all lame or halt or blind or diseased who know it not.—Lyman Abbott.

The spirit of practical sympathy is a fruit of Christianity.—C. M. Alford.

I testify to what the good and strong have done for deprivation and infirmity.—Helen Keller.

Major General Gordon, who at all times, everywhere, gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God.—Inscription on General Gordon's tomb.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'Mineral springs impregnated with minerals to such a degree as to possess medicinal properties are found in many parts of the world. The ancients ascribed supernatural propreties to mineral springs, and their priests, especially those of Aesculapius, placed their sanctuaries near them, as the Alkaline Springs of Naupha, and the Gas Springs of Dodona.'—'American Encyclopaedia.

In Fulleylove and Kelman's fine work on the Holy Land, the author writes, 'Next to its heartless toil the uncured sickness of the land contributes to the deep sadness of its spirit. Disease seems to stare you everywhere in the face. . . . When any serious accident has happened, or any dangerous disease infected them, they are utterly helpless, and things take their course.

'The medicinal springs form an exception to this rule, and seem to be one real healing agency in the country. The bluish waters bubble with sulphuretted hydrogen, and smell abominably, but they cure sicknesses of some kinds. For other diseases there is no native cure.'

'There is a spring of this kind at Kissingen, which, after a rushing sound, about the same time every day, commences to bubble, and is most efficacious at the very time the gas is making its escape.'

'All the experience of modern missionaries in the East goes to show the wisdom of the method employed by Jesus Christ and his apostles in giving attention to diseased bodies as a means of access to diseased souls.'—Isabella Bird Bishop.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Luke iv., 18, 19; Rom. vii., 24, 25; Phil. iv., 13; Acts x., 38; xx., 35; Isa. xl., 29.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 23.—Topic—The foreign mission work of our denomination: a survey. Rom. x., 8-15.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 17.—God's great goodness. Ps. xxxi., 19.

Tuesday, February 18.—God's loving-kindness. Ps. xlii., 8.

Wednesday, February 19.—God's great love. Jer. xxxi., 3.

Thursday, February 20.—The earth is the Lord's. Ps. xxiv., 1.

Friday, February 21.—Thy God in the midst. Zeph. iii., 17.

Saturday, February 22.—The God of all nations. II. Kings xix., 15.

Sunday, February 23.—Topic—Children in India. John iii., 16.

Don't Forget the Adult Classes

While you are working for the children and young people don't forget the adult classes. Get rid of the idea that the Sunday-school is only an institution for children. Set apart some place for these adult classes and give them the most tactful teachers you can get. 'Now, children!' That tells the story. The secret is out. No wonder you failed to hold the young men and women for your school. Your own language told them that it was a children's school. They took the hint and left. They are no longer children, and they know it, and we should appreciate this and address them accordingly.—'S. S. Teacher.'

The Teachers' Meeting.

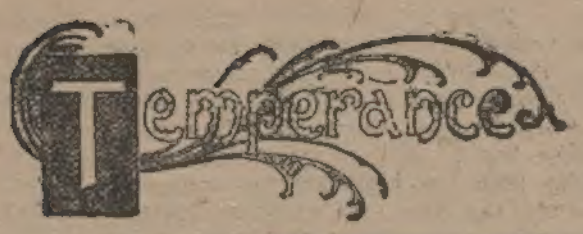
One prime necessity to good Sunday School work is a teachers' meeting. So important is this meeting that if only fairly well conducted it should by all means be sustained. A poor teachers' meeting is better than none at all. Without this gathering together of the teaching force the best of work is weak and lame.—Selected.

Be Prompt.

'There never was and never will be a very good Sunday School, any appreciable proportion of whose members come straggling in all through the hour. Tardiness is absolutely intolerable in an officer or teacher, and is reprehensible in the pulpit. It is demoralizing from every point of view, and the superintendent must reduce it to an inconsiderable item, or the work of the school will suffer materially in consequence. It is not an incurable leprosy, but will yield to treatment. —Selected.

Help Them to Help Themselves.

Teach the children to overcome difficulties themselves, not to be dependent upon their teacher to meet every question of the Bible, or daily experience. The first time as a boy I crossed a stream near home with my father, he took me upon his shoulders; the second time he took me by the hand as I waded; the third time he stood upon the bank and told me where to step. Afterwards he went on and expected me to follow.—'S. S. Teacher.'



Would You?

Would you sell yourself for a drink, boys,
A drink from the poisoned cup?
For a taste of the gleaming wine, boys,
Would you yield your manhood up?

Would you bind yourselves with chains, boys,
And rivet the fetters fast?
Would you bolt your prison doors, boys,
Preventing escape at last?

Would you wreck your youth and health, boys,
Those blessings God has given?
Would you ruin your life on earth, boys,
And blast your hopes of Heaven?

Would you dig, with your own hands, your grave, boys,
And willingly cast yourselves in?
Would you die a besotted wretch, boys,
In poverty, sorrow and sin?

Ah, no! a thousand times no! boys,
You were born for a noble end;
In you are our country's hopes, boys;
Her honor the boys must defend.

Then join the great Temperance band, boys,
And pledge yourselves strong against Rum;
Stand firm as a rock on your pledge, boys,
And fight till the foe is o'ercome.

—'Temperance Leader and Advocate.'

His Work.

(By Margaret Holden, in the 'Christian World.')

He was the most brilliant man of his year; he was also, in spite of that, one of the most popular. His teachers were proud of him; his fellow-students proud or jealous according to their temperaments, but mostly proud; and they predicted great things of his future. He had other qualities besides of the intellect, which made him a safe man to expect much from.

He took his degree with flying colors, went to London, to a minor post on a good newspaper, rose rapidly in his profession in three years—and then disappeared.

Several of the students in his college had formed themselves into a society which they called 'The Order of the Owls.' They did not give themselves this title on account of any special wisdom which they considered they possessed, or because they loved darkness rather than light—the name was 'the idle thought of an idle fellow,' but it pleased them, and they kept it. They intended to try and meet once a year after leaving the university if possible, and they also agreed not to lose sight of each other. For three years they had their annual meeting, coming, sometimes at considerable inconvenience, quite long distances. One member was a foreign correspondent for a daily paper, therefore the fourth meeting was without him.

Another was teaching in an Australian university city, and of Harry Glenwood no trace could be found. So that only two of the five met at the fourth year. Of these two, one was a clergyman in a Northern town, the other a doctor in the East-end of London. They met at the doctor's house.

'I saw Glenwood to-day,' said the doctor. 'I discovered also where he lives.'

The other man looked eager. Between Glenwood and himself a great friendship had existed.

'Where did you see him? Did you speak to him?'

'No, but I followed him. I tried to catch him up, but he went too quickly. He came out of a pawnshop in which I have a patient.'

'A pawnshop! Why, has he gone to the dogs?'

'I don't think he has, not as far as his character is concerned—I would stake all I possess on that; that he has done nothing to be ashamed of, I am certain; but, oh! Mellor, if you could have seen him—shabby clothes, broken boots, pale, haggard face, shrunken form. I can't get him out of my mind. He looked absolutely starved. He lives in the next street, No. 13.'

Mellor went in search of Glenwood the next day.

'He probably would prefer not to see me, but I must look him up, and try to help him—the "Owls" will all help.'

It was a mean street; with a row of houses all exactly alike, all with grimy lace curtains at the dull windows hiding the interiors from view; in some a sickly plant struggled to grow, but looked grey, as if it had aged prematurely in the bad atmosphere.

Mellor stopped at No. 13. It differed in one respect from the other houses; it looked rather more neglected, and had no curtains at its windows.

In response to Mellor's knock, Glenwood opened the door.

He looked astonished, frightened also, and then hesitatingly held out his hand. It was clasped warmly by the other man.

What a thin hand it was! It made Mellor shudder to feel such ghostlike fingers in his.

'Well, old man, I've found you at last,' he said in his loud, hearty voice.

The other man looked behind him nervously.

'I was afraid someone might come along when I saw Grant yesterday,' he whispered.

'You saw him!'

'Yes. Will you come in for a little while now you are here. I can spare a few minutes, but—would you mind being very quiet?'

Mellor tried to walk quietly and speak softly, though it was evidently hard work for a man of his build. The two men contrasted strangely and sadly—the one so big, well-groomed, well-fed, and hearty; and the other a pale shade of a man, who looked almost like a frightened child.

They went into a shabby, dusty room—books were everywhere, on the floor, on the chairs. And a table was covered with papers.

'What are you doing, Glenwood?' 'Literary work?'

'Hack work—reviewing sometimes—I like that. I see new books. I do anything I can get, or find time to do.'

They talked on for a time; Mellor did not talk of himself much; he felt the contrast would be too marked, but they talked of books, and the other 'Owls.'

'The dear old "Owls." That time seems a long way back,' said Glenwood. 'Tell me—' he began, but at that moment there was a great crash of breaking crockery, and Glenwood, paler if possible than before, sprang to his feet and rushed from the room.

Mellor, startled, was standing in the middle of the room, wondering what he should do, when the door was burst open, and on the threshold stood a tall, elderly woman, drawn up to her full height, her beautiful features distorted by passion and intoxication.

She was screaming.

'I will go in and tell your fine friends how you treat me, keeping me a prisoner in this wretched hole.'

'Mother! for pity's sake—Mellor, please, go and leave us—you asked me what my work was—This is my work.'

The Flaw in the Boiler.

The late Mr. W., one of the leading business men of Cincinnati, was strongly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and in his gentle, quaint way preached many an effective temperance sermon.

He received one day a visit from Judge C., of St. Louis, who then held the first place among the learned jurists of the West, and who was besides a brilliant man of the world, kind-hearted, brave and loyal in his friendship.

Mr. W. showed him over his manufactory, and his admiration was especially excited by the intricate machinery, much of which was of brass, finely polished—a work of art as well as of use.

That evening the friends dined together at Mr. W.'s hotel. Judge C. drank to excess. Observing his friend's grave, keen eyes upon him, he said, gayly—

'You do not take brandy, W.?'

'No.'

'Nor wine?'

'No.'

'I do. Too much, probably. But I began thirty years ago. I drank as a boy at my father's table. I drank as a young man, and I drink as an old one. It is a trifling fault, if you choose to call it a fault, and will hurt nobody but myself. If it has not hurt me in thirty years, I have no cause for fear.'

Mr. W. bowed gravely, but made no reply.

When dinner was over, he said, 'We had an accident in our mills an hour after you left. Will you walk up with me?'

They reached the mills in a few minutes. One side of the wall had fallen it. The exquisite, costly machinery was a hopeless wreck. Two or three workmen had been crushed in the ruin, and laborers were digging to find the bodies.

'Horrible!' cried C. 'That machinery was so fine and massive, I thought it would last an age.'

'Yes,' said W., slowly, 'but there was a flaw in it. A very slight flaw, which the workmen thought of no importance. I have used it many years in safety. But the flaw was there, and has done its work at last.'

Judge C.'s face lost its color. He was silent a moment, and then turning, caught Mr. W.'s hand.

'I understand you, old friend,' he said, 'I will remember.'

How long he remembered, we do not know. A habit of thirty years is not easily broken.—'S. S. Messenger.'

How Will It Be?

How will it be when the day is done,
And the field of the world we are called to leave
In the shadows of mercy's sinking sun?
Shall we go as reapers to joy, or grieve?
Shall we sing of hope in the harvest yield,
Garnered by us from the world's wide field?

Or, with many a sigh, if we remain,
Spared ourselves, for the little wrought—
Shall we look back to the golden grain,
Left afield which we might have brought?
Joy will arise as has been the strife
In the grasp of fruit for eternal life.

To find 'much fruit' in the better land,
Safely housed from the storms of time,
Gathered and brought by a busy hand,
Will stand a pledge for a life sublime—
Linger and reap as the sun glides low,
The day is ending, we soon must go.

—J. Albert Libby, in the 'Standard.'

St. Valentine.

The February issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be a kind of Valentine Number. St. Valentine's day comes on the 14th of February every year, but in Leap Year the day never passes without something happening that rejoices Master Cupid. This number will possibly set forces in motion in the right direction.

The cover has been specially designed for the 'Canadian Pictorial' by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. D. P. McMillan, and represents a young girl in maiden meditation with a valentine in her hand and the bewitcheries of Cupid hovering over her. Other valentine features will be found of interest.

The February issue also contains the life story of Florence Nightingale, who has just been decorated by the King with the order of merit. She is the first woman to receive it. There are sporting scenes, winter views and news pictures of events in various parts of the world in which Canadians are interested. Among the features will be a collection of portraits of the presidents of the Canadian Clubs that have now spread to almost every town in Canada. The usual departments will be of remarkable interest this month.

The 1908 programme includes more pictures, more pages, more features than ever, as well as FOUR SPECIAL NUMBERS, Easter, Midsummer, Thanksgiving, Christmas—all included with annual subscriptions.

Ten cents a copy; one dollar a year. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter St., Montreal.

Correspondence

F.G., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My father has a grist-mill, carding-mill, and store. He also has a small farm. The answer to Mildred Wright's riddle (January 17) is C and Y. We have a Sunday School and Mission Band here. We are going to have a Mission Band concert at Easter time. The Mission Band raised $30.00 last year.

NELLIE COLPITTS.

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was at my aunt's at Christmas and had a good time. She had a Christmas tree in her house. I got some nice presents. I have one grandfather living, but stories of long ago. We have little rabbits and black, grey and red squirrels, raccoons, woodchucks, skunks, some foxes, though I have never seen one wild, but nothing more dangerous. I am a little 'shut-in' just now, as a cold keeps me from sleigh-riding, though it is fun to watch the rest from the window. There are snow birds to-day picking up crumbs near the door. Papa sometimes puts a bone up near a tree and the birdies peck at it. I hope all the 'Messenger' correspondents will have a very bright and happy New Year.

FRED. M.

K., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am in grade six at school, and I like going to school very well. Our teacher is a gentleman. I have not tried for my entrance yet, but intend to. My sister tried last year and passed. I live about three miles north of the small town of K., and in the winter we always try to go once a week to the rink. It has been a mild winter so far around here. I wonder if it has been in other places.

ELEANOR TITMUS (aged 11).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Cat.' Norman H. Duckworth (age 11), E., Ont.
2. 'Hattie Out Walking.' Clara T. Wheat, M.E., Id.
3. 'Biscuit Jar.' Avey Clarke, Toronto.
4. 'Match Holder.' Maggie Mason (age 11), U.H., N.B.
5. 'A Quiet Sail.' Alex. Fleming (age 9), O., Ont.
6. 'Duck.' Ruben N. Watts, G.T., P.E.I.
7. 'My Colt Topsy.' Thos. Hicks (age 13), A., Ont.
8. 'My Glengarry.' D. M. S. (age 9), Hopewell, N.S.
9. 'An Owl.' Jane Buchanan (age 10), N., Ont.
10. 'A Hat.' Willard D. Cameron (age 10), E., N.S.
11. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Fred. Gorham, E., Mich.
12. 'A Squirrel.' Julia M. Cameron, E., N.S.
13. 'Tapir and Young.' Elwin R. Burgess (age 10), P., Ont.
14. 'Barn.' Vernon Matthews (age 13), W., Ont.
15. 'Lion.' L. Moore, B.M., Ont.
16. 'Our Kittie.' Martha McAloney (age 11), U., N.S.
17. 'Regina.' Raymond McComb (age 11), M., Ont.
18. 'Our House.' Laura Brown (age 13), A., Ont.
19. 'Pump.' Wallace McBain (age 9), A., Ont.
20. 'Morning.' Bruce B. Walker, G., Ont.
21. 'A Lamp.' Elsie Bonting, M., Ont.
22. 'Early Canada.' Lorne Elliott, Toronto.

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both of my grandmothers are dead. I think I can answer both of Ella Hackett's riddles (January 10th). 1. Because it isn't a foot. 2. To save their soles.

MAGGIE BARAGAR.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a colt named Dolly and we take her out every evening. We have bells for her and we put them on her every evening to have a run. I did not get to school very much this summer, for grandma was sick all summer and we could not go.

GRACE E. CAVANAGH.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years of age, and I live on a farm near the schoolhouse and the church, and three miles from K. My two little sisters have had the measles. One is well over them and the other got pneumonia after having them.

EDITH ILER.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Ontario boy eight years old. I have only taken the 'Northern Messenger' since the New Year, but my older brothers and sister used to enjoy its stories, and I like to hunt up old numbers and read them. When my little brother Irving and I read letters from far away places like Burk's Falls, it makes us wish there were big forests and bears and wolves here, as my father says there were when the early settlers came. He sometimes tells us bear and lynx

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G. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, not far from Lake Erie. We are having a fine time now skating. I have five sisters and two brothers, and I am the youngest. I live only a little way from school, so I go every day. I will close now, but maybe I will write again.

MABEL E. (age 13).

O. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I had a good time on Christmas and Santa Claus gave me a nice white cloud and a box of bon-bons. My cousins in Montreal sent me two calendars and three handkerchiefs, and a little pencil. My aunt gave me a chocolate bell for New Year's The two school teachers left at Christmas. It is pretty cold here now.

RUTH WILSON.

N., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Scotch girl ten years old. I came all the way from Scotland in June last, so have been out here seven months. Eighty girls came out this year. I had a long trip out and enjoyed it very much. We saw icebergs, pretty big ones, and a whale. We were on the ocean ten days, and I was pretty sick, so I was glad when I landed. I came up from Brockville to N. I thought I would like to write to you, and when I asked my mama, she said I could. I like being out here and I have a good place. My father and mother are very good to me, and I am going to be a good girl, so they won't be sorry they took me.

JANE BUCHANAN.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I haven't any pets. I had a nice little kitty, but it went away one day. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' that is why I can write to it. We have had it in our house for about two years, and we like it very much. You will all have to excuse me if I make any mistake in writing, because this is the first time I have written to you. There is no good sleighing here yet, because there isn't enough snow to make it so.

RUTH TINGLEY.

[No special mistakes to worry about, Ruth. Write again.—Ed.]

M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I have written to the 'Messenger.' I have been ill and am just getting over it now. I haven't been to school this week. School only started Monday. I spent Christmas down at my grandma's and had a fine time. I have one sister and two brothers. My little brother is a little mischief. He cannot walk yet.

E. CLARE ANTHONY (age 10).

L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school now, as I have not been very well, but expect to go soon. I have three cats named Dolly Gray, Pansy, and Nettie. Nettie was caught in a trap and her paw came off, but it is all well now. I have a Teddy Bear and a doll, which I like very much. My doll is dressed in white and has blue ribbon on her dress. It is very pretty. I go to Sunday School, as the church is close by my home.

FRANCES A. COOK (aged 9).

G. S., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. Our school finished before Christmas, and I passed in all my subjects, so next term I will be in the fourth reader. My papa keeps a store and I help him sometimes, but I like best to slide with the other children. We live right beside the station.

MURDENA McLEOD.

OTHER LETTERS.

Jean Leck, C., N.S., writes, 'I still go on crutches. I have not walked for over two years.' Very sorry to hear that, Jean, indeed, and hope you will soon be able to give us better news. The answer you give has been since printed.

Robert Currie, A., Ont., says the snow is very deep around his home. Robert has no brothers or sisters. The riddle enclosed has been already asked.

Laura Brown, A., Ont., sends a letter with a drawing on the back, so, of course, both could not go in. Your riddle, Laura, has been asked before.

Annie Burrell, H.S., N.B., says, 'I have gone to school eight terms and am now on my ninth. I have only missed one day since I started.' That is a splendid record, Annie.

Annie Duckworth, H., Ont., answers Gilford Bruce's riddle (Jan. 24)—Because it is just ready to strike one.

Mary Janet Shaddock, B., Ont., also answers this riddle. Mary says 'we have very good sleighing here now and very nice weather.'

Gladys Cameron, F., Ont., writes, 'We go to Sunday School in the hall now, because the church burned down.' Glad you like the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' Gladys.

We also received little letters from Lois J. Cann, Winnipeg; Robert Warcup, M., P. Que., and Dorothy Knapp, F.B., Ont. Riddles in these have been asked before.

BOYS AND GIRLS

He Gave Unto Me a Vineyard.

(Margaret Erskine, in 'Zion's Herald.')

I worked all morn in my vineyard, sowing with skill and care.
And I said (in my pride), 'No vineyard will ever be half as fair,
For naught will be planted in it but shall please the eye and the heart;
None but the costliest blossoms shall have in my vineyard a part.'

I came, in the noon, to my vineyard, to gather my harvest store,
But the 'Seeds of Pleasure' I planted the 'Flowers of Trouble' bore.
I cast my tools far from me; I shrieked aloud in my pain;
'Cursed be the hour that bore me!' Nor came to my vineyard again.

I came, in the night, to the Master, to receive with the rest, my pay,
For, I thought, 'I have suffered greatly, He will not say me nay.'
But the Master eyed me coldly. 'I asked not for words, but deeds.
You have wasted the years I gave you; your vineyard is choked with weeds.'

How the Butterfly Won Its Freedom.

(Bessie L. Putnam, in the 'Universalist Leader.')

A heavy thunderstorm was coming up and Nell and Dell ran to help Aunt Ruth gather the chicks into the brooder. This was not always quickly done; for the little downy tots had learned that bugs and grasshoppers were much more plentiful in the adjoining meadow than on their own grounds; and while they usually managed to get home about meal time they did not enough enjoy being shut up at all hours of the day to come back every time the clouds lowered. So, as it was a rainy season, the children were often called upon to help hunt them up.

As one was picked up from the tall grass something clung to its foot and then to Aunt Ruth's hand. She shook it off violently, thinking it but a weed, and was hustling the chick under shelter when a glance upon the ground showed a butterfly of strange coloring. Storm and chicks were for the moment forgotten, and the struggling insect, evidently just hatched, claimed undivided attention.

It was a beautiful combination of light and dark brown, lighted by creamy white with just a tinge of rose, and on each lower wing was a conspicuous rose-colored spot. When at rest the upper wings covered this, and only the soft browns which might belong to a dead leaf were visible. This coloring, Aunt Ruth explained, is a device often adopted by nature as a protection from birds and other enemies.

Aunt Ruth suggested sending it to Professor Lee, a friend of the family, who was making a collection of butterflies.

'But you must tell him not to kill it,' said Nell.

'That is very likely just what he would do,' was the reply. Aunt Ruth strove to reconcile the children with the thought that his method would be speedy and painless; that a butterfly is short-lived, even at best; and that this one might be saved from a more distressing end. Beside, if it proved a rare species, it would help the professor in his study.

'But I don't want you to send it if he is going to kill it,' was Nell's only reply. Dell was silent, but very sober.

The desire to help a friend in the study of science outweighed the disapproval of childhood—a disapproval based on the sympathy and common sense which are bound to creep into our so-called 'scientific' studies. The buttery was captured in a glass tumbler, and a piece of cheese cloth tied over the top to allow plenty of air to go in but no butterfly to go out. There it hung all the afternoon, 'by its bangs,' papa said, though really by its fore feet. The feathery 'feelers' or antennae proved it to be not a true butterfly, but one of the subdivisions known as a sphinx. Beside its wings were not folded lightly together in butterfly fashion when at rest, yet they overlapped enough to entirely hide the bright rose spots.

Toward mail time Aunt Ruth placed it in a small box lined with soft paper, into which she had slipped one or two clover blossoms. Some holes were then made with a fork through both paper and box to prevent smothering. The poor little thing was badly frightened, despite the most gentle care, and beat its wings frantically against the sides of the box until Aunt Ruth feared it would ruin them and be only a torn, ragged specimen, not worth preserving. Other duties calling her, the box was placed on the desk to await the coming of the postman.

Presently Nell slid into the room where she was at work and said softly: 'We could not think for a long time what that queer noise could be; it's the butterfly.' No more was said, for Nell was not a tease; but the mute appeal in her eye was forceful, and Aunt Ruth, who had no thought that the fluttering would be kept up after she left the box, returned to it in dismay.

'I've half a notion to let it go,' she observed, hesitating.

'We do wish you would,' was the earnest reply of both. Even Tom stopped his stick horse long enough to second the motion, and baby Tot teased to help 'et it do.' But as Aunty took the box to the door all was silent, as though her kind thought had come too late.

'Perhaps it has gone to sleep for the night,' suggested grandma. Cautiously the box was opened in the midst of the little group. Sure enough, it had crept up close into the corner of the box, as if to go to sleep. As the covering was removed it poised for a moment just above the top of the box, moving its wings with great rapidity, as though to test its power. It had been released in the midst of some potted plants, with the hope that they might prove an inviting shelter for the night. But instead, it fluttered to the shoulder of its captor and liberator, then rested upon her cheek; the children insisted it kissed her—was it in forgiveness or gratitude? Then suddenly it dashed away into the top of a tall cherry tree and was seen no more.

Four pair of bright eyes had gathered to see it liberated, and four little hearts beat as joyfully over the result as did the four released wings.

'Do you suppose Professor Lee will bring you any more candy after he hears about how he lost the butterfly?' asked Aunt Ruth.

'Well, I don't care,' said Nell; 'I'd rather have the butterfly free.'

'Yes,' added philosophical Dell; 'if it can only live a short time I am so glad we could help to make its little life happy.'

By Experience.

(By Hilda Richmond, in the 'Sabbath-School Visitor.')

'It doesn't seem to me that he is the sort of boy we want in our crowd,' said Helen. 'He is a good scholar, and all that, but somehow I don't want him. What do the rest of you say?'

The boys and girls of the neighborhood had formed a little circle for afternoon excursions to the woods with their Sunday School teacher, and now they were discussing whether the new boy, who had lived among them a few months, should be asked to join them in their next good time. It was only an informal little club, with no member older than fourteen, and none under eleven, but they had jolly times all the year round.

'What's that you're talking about?' asked Ben Tucker, who had been away for a week. 'Of course, we'll take Ray in with us. It's a mean shame we didn't do it long ago.'

'Look here, Ben. Last time we met you were the very one who thought we ought not to ask him. Seems to me you're getting to be a turncoat,' spoke up one of the boys.

'I know it,' said Ben, 'but I want to tell you I've had a week of being alone. You never saw such folks as live round Aunt Fanny's in all the days of your life. They looked me all over as I were some sort of a freak, and never once asked me to play with them. I don't know whether it was my clothes, or what, that made them so cool, but they simply ignored me.'

'I suppose they treated you just as we have been treating Ray,' said one of the girls. 'I suppose the poor fellow has been lonely, but I never thought of it till just now.'

'You just go away to a strange place for a week, and you'll think of it a great deal more,' said Ben.

So Ray was voted in, and after he became well acquainted with his schoolmates, told them that the past few months had been the longest he ever had spent. 'You all seemed to have such good times, and there was no place for me,' said the poor boy. 'If ever another new boy comes into this neighborhood, I'm going to try to be very nice to him, for I know how hard it is to be alone.'

Did you ever think of that, you boys and girls who have your own little circle, and never open it to admit a stranger? Widen it a bit to receive the new boys and girls. May you never learn by experience what it is to be friendless and alone!

Take Care.

You may keep your feet from slipping,
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care,
Of the tittle-tattle, tell-tale tongue!
—'St. Nicholas.

The Untalented Girl.

'It seems too bad that such a girl as Beth should be simply buried alive in a little town like this! Why, with such talents as she has, it does seem as if she ought to be making herself felt in the world!'

Beth's friend, Alice, spoke with girlish enthusiasm and unbounded, loyal admiration. 'Just think of her music, to begin with—dear me! Wouldn't I feel too happy for words if I could play and sing as she does? You'd think that was talent enough for one girl's share, but that isn't half what she has! Her essays at school were so fine we always said she had a future before her in that way—some time she'd be making herself famous as a writer. And, as if that wasn't enough, what must she do but have a real, marked talent for sketching and painting, too! Why, Aunt Minnie, when our class went to the zoo and we tried drawing some of the animals from life, hers were so far ahead of the rest of us—well, you wouldn't look at ours in the same day with hers. She's really the brightest girl I know.'

'She's a remarkably gifted girl, I haven't a doubt,' smiled Aunt Minnie; 'but I know another girl who isn't excelled by anybody in one way at least, and that is a generous feeling for her friends. I believe you are as proud of her talents as if they were every one your own.'

'I'm so clumsy and commonplace beside her!' Alice snuggled up a little closer to her aunt. 'I haven't a talent in the world—positively I haven't!'

But Aunt Minnie smiled as she put her arm around the girlish form. 'I'm not so sure of that,' she said.

'Allie, Allie!' It was her brother Gordon calling in stentorian tones through the hall.

'Oh, Gordon dear, don't wake mamma!' Alice went toward him hurriedly. 'I just persuaded her to lie down for a little while—she was up so much in the night with Benny! But I don't believe you've wakened her,' she added, reassuringly.

'Say, Alice!' Gordon's voice was dropped now to a stage whisper, which gradually

waxed louder and more emphatic as he proceeded. Alice rose to shut the door, but so quietly that he hardly noticed the motion. 'Do you know I can't get anybody to play the tunes for us for Friday night—those glees, you know, we thought we'd have at our entertainment? It does seem as if folks ought to help us out when we've worked so hard to get it up, but we've asked everybody we know who's any good at music, and they all have an excuse ready. So I told the boys I guessed I could count on you, at a pinch.'

And Alice carefully suppressed a smile, Gordon spoke so ingeniously and with so little notion of the unconscious slight offered her musical powers.

'Why, of course you can, Gordon,' she said. 'I'll do the best I can, anyway. Let's see—how much time is there before you boys give your entertainment? Just a week?'

'Yes; you see, we thought we could surely get somebody else, or we'd have given you more time. I expect you'll have to do some practicing, won't you?—seeing you can't read much "at sight," if that's what you call it.'

Aunt Minnie's arm rested with involuntary tenderness on her 'untalented' niece's shoulders, as she looked into the sweet, self-forgetful face.

'Oh, and say, Alice!' Gordon went on eagerly, 'we find it's going to cost like everything to get our printing done. I don't see how we're going to have a cent left for posters. It'll swallow up all the profits like everything to get the tickets printed and that "add" in the paper. We thought Beth Anderson would probably help us out. I tell you, she knows how to make beauty posters! But she wasn't any more ready to bother with that than she was with the music. I suppose she thinks it isn't worth while to put herself out for such an affair as we're getting up, but she might do it, seeing her own brother's so interested. He felt really cut up about it. He'd been bragging about what a lot of talent she had, and she refused as coolly as you please. "Really hadn't time!" Well, all the artistic girls we know "didn't have time" to bother with it, I told the fellows perhaps you'd try to get up something for us. Do you suppose you could, Allie, even if it isn't anything very fine and fancy?'

'Well, I'll do my best, Gordon. If you'll give me some idea of what you want. You know drawing's not my strong point. In fact, I'm afraid I haven't any "strong points." It's funny, but that's just what I was saying to auntie before you came in.'

Gordon looked at her with a sudden accession of personal, brotherly interest. 'Well, I'll tell you what I think,' he said. 'I'd rather take my chances with you than any girl I know. A fellow always knows where to find you, and that's—that's—'

He did not finish his sentence. He was rummaging among his pockets for some paper he wanted to show Alice—some boyish outline of what his notions were for the 'poster.'

But Aunt Minnie took up his unfinished sentence. 'That's as beautiful a talent in itself as a girl can have, and as rare a one,' she said. 'And it makes the possessor of it a most delightful person to live with.'

'Why, auntie!' said Alice. But a little pink flush of pleasure rose in her face as it bent over Gordon's outline.

Sammy's Security.

'The storm is coming back over the mountain again, children,' said the old gray-haired superintendent of the Sabbath-school, in the little red school-house; 'and I think—'

Here Uncle John Graham—for that was his title among all the children—glanced nervously out of one of the broad windows, and caught amid the pine tops a glimpse of a dark, angry storm-sky beyond.

'And I think,' continued Uncle John, 'we had better close as soon as possible. Some of you have a long way to go. We will sing, children, and then close with prayer.'

The children's sweet voices were joined in the singing of one of the blessed psalms which have been for the comforting of God's people in all ages—the one hundred and twenty-first. The superintendent caught one sweet voice soaring like a bird above all the others.

'That's Sammy,' thought the superintendent; and he looked upon a boy's dark, earnest eyes, lifted, as it were, to the invisible hills ever overshadowing the church of God.

'May I go along with you?' said the same voice at the close of the school.

'Yes, come with me, Sammy! Give me your hand, boy, and we will trudge on side by side,' replied the superintendent, turning the key in the battered school-house door, and then halting one moment to watch his flock scattering down the country road or along the footpaths leading across the green fields.

'Now, Sammy, I am ready,' said the superintendent, seizing the child's little hand, and covering it with his large, warm grasp.

'I thought, Uncle John,' said Sammy, archly lifting his happy eyes to the big open face kindly beaming down upon him 'you might like to have me go with you.'

'Ha, ha, to look after me because I am so little? I am not to go with you so much as you go with me, and look after me! Ha, ha! Well, we can look after each other, and as we are neighbors, we can keep each other company very conveniently. Hark!'

The old man's merry, laughing mood ceased in a moment. With an anxious face he listened.

'What is it, Uncle John?'

'Well, child, the country is full of water. The streams are all swollen, and what we are afraid of is that the dam back in the hills—the upper dam, as we say—may give way. And there it is, raining again.'

As Uncle John looked up, big bold drops, without ceremony, splashed into his face.

'Couldn't we take the short way home, down through the valley?' asked Sammy.

Down through what was known as 'the valley' went 'Swift stream,' leading from the upper dam. Uncle John hesitated.

'It will shorten the way, Sammy, but—'

'Swift stream too high?'

'Oh, we can get across, but—'

Uncle John again paused. He was rather uneasy about that upper dam.

'However, Sammy,' said the old man, with a hearty laugh, 'I think that the idea is that you are to look after me, and, come, I'll go your way.'

Down through the shadowy valley they went, hand in hand, careless of the wind, which blew harder every minute, of the rain which fell faster, of the increasing roar of the swollen stream in the bottom of the valley.

'The water is almost to the planking of the bridge, Sammy, but we don't care,' said Uncle John; 'we shall get across safe.'

The passage of the old bridge was made in safety, and they began to climb the half-rocky, half-wooded wall of the valley on the other side of the bridge. Suddenly Uncle John caught the sound of a tumult which was something more than the rage of Swift stream. He thought he saw the white flash of a huge mob of foaming, driving waters.

'The dam, Sammy! Oh, it has given way! Quick, quick!' he shouted. 'Up in my arms, boy!'

Then came a terrible struggle amid rocks and trees up the side of the valley. Sammy clung to the strong protector who was pressing forward and upward; but the boy could not take his eyes off the maelstrom which suddenly had plunged down into the valley and boiled in every direction under their feet. This maelstrom was boiling upward, too, higher, higher—a horrid sight! Still Uncle John pressed on. The water was now around his feet. He saw ahead a crevice in a crag. Near it was a tree. Struggling with a strength which seemed to belong to his younger days rather than the present, he pressed Sammy into the crevice, shouting: 'Hold on to the rock, Sammy; hold on!'

He then grasped a limb of the tree, and swinging himself up onto it, he clung for his life. Sammy clung. Once the boy looked appealingly to Uncle John, as though he wanted to come to his companion. The water, though, was flowing about the child, and would have swept him away, if he had forsaken his grasp.

'Hold on to the rock, Sammy, hold on!' shouted the old man's voice. 'Don't leave! The water is not—'

Could he say 'not rising?' Yes, joyful assurance! In a moment he added: 'Hold on! The water is not rising!'

Quickly, with angry remonstrances from its many frothing waves, the flood subsided. The water beyond had reached the more open country, and was spreading out over the level fields.

Sammy and his guardian left their places of refuge, and went home together, and in safety.

A few weeks later, one evening Uncle John was hurriedly summoned to the door of his home by a loud, imperative knock.

'Oh, Uncle John! Sammy is dreadful sick, and he has been calling for you. Couldn't you come?' pleaded Sammy's eldest brother.

'Why, yes! Isn't this sudden, Ephraim? I'll come right off."

'Sudden? You know he had been sick?'

'Oh, yes; but not dangerous.'

'Well, somehow—you know he had the fever—his sickness has turned for the worse, and it has been dreadful quick, and the doctor says there is no hope.'

'My poor little Sammy! I can seem to hear him now, in the Sunday School, singing the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, the very day the flood came when the dam gave way.

'Well, sir, his mind has been on that flood. He seems to think the "great water" is coming, as he calls it!'

'My poor little Sammy!' sympathetically said the superintendent again.

He found Sammy lying very still on his bed, and he saw that the death-mark was on the boy's face.

'Sammy!' he softly called, leaning over the child.

'Oh, Uncle John, that you?'

'Yes, dear.'

The child's mind now seemed to wander.

'He thinks, sir,' sobbed the mother, 'he—is in—the valley—again—again—and the water is coming.'

'It is another valley,' murmured the superintendent, 'another valley, and it is a flood that is coming—the death flood.'

He now turned to the white little face on the bed.

'Sammy, there is a rock in the valley—a great high rock—and it is Jesus,' softly spoke the gray-haired man. 'Are you holding on to him?'

The boy opened his eyes and spoke: 'Jesus? He—the—rock—in—the valley—Uncle John? You want me—to hold—on—to—him?'

His hands began to rise. A beautiful light came into his eyes, as, looking upward, he held out his thin, wasted arms. He spoke not again, but in his face still lingered the peace of the blessing of him who forever and aye is to all trusting souls a rock in the valley of death.—'United Presbyterian.'

Speaking for Christ in History.

Now, if we are to be Christians, we ought to carry on the same kind of conversation with the people whom we meet that Christ would if he were here in our place in the world. We know something about the kind of conversations he would have, from the character of his talks with people when he was here. There is one thing that characterizes all the conversations of Jesus—while they were perfectly natural and straightforward, and never seemed to be stilted or forced, yet they were always helpful, and you can plainly see his purpose to help the person with whom he was conversing. Take the case of the woman of Samaria, who, coming out to fill her waterpot, found Jesus resting beside the well. He asks a drink of her, and then enters into conversation. How easy it would have been to let the talk run on the weather, the different wells in the community, the dry season, the coming of harvest, and things of that sort, and have made no impression of value upon the woman's heart and mind. But from the very first Jesus skilfully led the conversation from the water which she had given him to the water of life, of which her poor thirsty soul was in such great need. And try to change the subject as she would, Jesus steadily brought it round to the great spiritual needs of her soul. The result was, the conversion not only of this women, but

of a great many others in the city of Samaria. Jesus was always quick to take hold upon the occasion and make it illustrate spiritual truth. Thus, when he found Peter and his brother mending their nets, he closed the conversation with them by saying, 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.' When he saw a man sowing grain in a neighboring field, he gave them the beautiful parable of the sower, with the four kinds of soil, the thieving birds, the choking thorns, and all the wonderful story that lifted their minds up to the great theme of the cultivation of their hearts for the eternal harvest.

Now, my message is that we should, in conversing with people, not make ourselves nuisances by intruding our religious talk in an offensive way, but that we should have so thoroughly in our mind God's great love and care for us that it will be natural to turn the conversation from the beautiful sunshine, or the starry sky, or the showers of rain, to the God who gives the showers, who holds the stars in his hand, and the light of whose face is far brighter than the sun. We ought to overcome the feeling of hesitancy we have about speaking to others of spiritual things. It will be overcome by habit.—From 'Chats with Young Christians.'

A Postal-card Party.

(By Helena A. Hawley, in the 'Sabbath-School Visitor.')

Amy Russel sat bent forward with elbows on knees, and a hand on either cheek. It was a favorite posture when any question bothered her. Amy was president of the Girl's Missionary Society which took a vacation as far as meetings were concerned, from June to October.

'Twenty-six on our membership list, and only nine at the first meeting this autumn. Not a very good showing for the coming season. They pay their dues, and that's about all. There's precious little life in it, and something must be done.' The 'must' was emphatic in her thoughts.

'I believe we'd do better if we combined a short religious service with a social time, and some work with our hands; but the girls don't care about "making pinafores," as they call it. It does seem rather a waste of time to stitch, stitch, when a machine would do our whole winter's work in an afternoon. Besides, materials cost considerable, and we're not millionaires' daughters.'

Just then the postman left the morning mail, which consisted of one souvenir card addressed to herself. Amy glanced at it, saw that it was a pretty one, and suddenly received her cue.

'I have it,' she exclaimed aloud. 'I'll give a postal-card party, and write my invitations on postals, to be in keeping.'

A short consultation with Mrs. Russel followed, and she approved the plan heartily. The invitations ran thus:

'Miss Amy Russel will be glad to see her friends at a postal-card party, on Thursday afternoon, from three to six. Please bring any souvenir cards you are willing to give away.'

Not a word about a missionary meeting. Amy was too wise for that. She included in the invitations four girls who never yet had been willing to join the society, so there would be thirty guests, if all came.

Nearly all did come, for when did a girl stay away from a party if she could get there?

'Goodness knows what you want of souvenir cards, Amy.' This was Sybil Howard's greeting. 'But mother said whatever designs you had would be a blessing to her, for our house was littered with them from attic to cellar.'

Sybil was rather noted for extravagant speech.

'How many do you suppose I've picked up? Well, there are a hundred more or less, and I don't believe I've brought half.'

'The more the better,' Amy laughed; 'that is, if we keep up postal-card parties all winter, as I hope we shall. I ought to have put, "Bring your shears," in the invitations, but they were sent out before I thought of. However, we have several pairs, and I've borrowed from the neighbors, and you'll not all be cutting, so I think we'll do.'

'Do what, Miss Mysterious, if you please?' Anna Armstrong asked. 'We're about ready to expire with curiosity.'

'Well, count the postals, please, first.' A count disclosed the fact that between six and seven hundred cards had been contributed.

'And, of course, the deluge will continue so long as there's a place on earth to be photographed. I must average six a week.' This was Sybil again.

Then Amy made her little speech. Her eyes sparkled with fun as she began:

'I followed St. Paul's example, girls—a long way off. "Being crafty, I caught you with the guile." You didn't dream this was to be a missionary meeting, but it is—an informal one.' She went on to speak of the waning zeal, and her own wish to try uniting some handwork with their missionary service, meeting in their own homes instead of the church basement, 'which is rather dismal by daylight.'

'And I thought souvenir cards would make beautiful scrapbooks for schools and hospitals on mission fields. Of course, the scrapbook idea isn't new, but I've never heard that pos-

After All.

Mary Cranston tore off her hat and jacket and threw herself upon the couch, her fingers pressed upon her aching eyes. She was sick of teaching—sick of it!

She had had dreams of being an influence in the lives of her boys, but somehow she was just tired of it all.

In came a shabby woman, with nervous hands and eyes where sorrow had long made a home.

'I know I'm making bold to come,' she said, 'but it's sore trouble we're in. Jim, he wouldn't have let me, but I said it is a sweet woman's heart she has, and she'll help us if she can. It's Jim Maloney's mother I am.'

Mary remembered Jim Maloney. She had worked so hard to help the boy, and now—

'It's the truth I'm telling ye, deary,' the trembling voice went on. 'Jim's father was not—honest, and I was desperately afraid for Jim till he came to you. Then, suddenlike, he straightened up.

'"Mother," he says, "she believes me, and I ain't going back on her."

'And he didn't, deary, I know he didn't. After he went to Craig & Shiper's, every night he'd look me straight in the eyes, and I knew. Then yesterday, there was money lost, and they accused him. They—they knew about his father. Jim sent word to me, and 'twas this:

'"Tell Miss Cranston I didn't go back on her." So I made bold—'

Mary's hand closed about the fluttering fingers.

'I'll come with you this minute,' she said. 'I think that we can get him out, and if not, we'll tell Jim that we're proud of him.'

Two hours later Mary returned. She had persuaded Jim's employers, and the look in Jim's eyes—grateful, honest eyes—had rewarded her a thousandfold.—Selected.

'SHE HAD HAD DREAMS.'

tal cards were used for them, and the cards are much prettier than the cheap prints.

At this point she produced twenty books cut from stout muslin, whose leaves she had stitched. While she was speaking, Mrs. Russell entered with a pan of smooth, white flour paste.

'I don't expect we'll accomplish much today, but if you like the plan—' Amy stopped rather timidly.

'Like it!' Sybil exclaimed. 'Put it to vote, and you'll see.'

Amy did so, and every right hand shot up, except those belonging to the four girls who hadn't a right to vote, but were beginning to wish they had.

The buzz of discussion which followed! Should they classify the cards, and be able to put on one book, 'Views from the United States of America,' or 'English Views?' Should they trim off the margins, discarding any messages written thereon? That had been Amy's idea, but there were some adverse opinions. It was suggested that we value a Japanese card more, if it bears any Japanese words, though they are literally in an unknown tongue. Then some one thought that the Japs were getting too much knowledge of English to be intrusted with our secrets.

'Pshaw! Who writes secrets on a postal card?' Thus the shuttlecock of merry badinage passed to and fro, while busy fingers trimmed, and other busy fingers used paste brushes daintily.

The laugh was on Sybil, when, from under a pile, a card suddenly appeared with Jack Henderson's photograph stuck up in one corner. Sybil couldn't deny a card plainly addressed to herself, but though she colored, she carried it off bravely. 'How in the world did Jack get in?' she said; 'but seeing he is in, he shall go. Fancy Jack Henderson going as a missionary to the heathen! I wonder how he'd like that role.'

The party had been invited into the dining-room for work. At five, Mrs. Russel sent in a large bowl of lemonade, and a basket piled with sponge cake.

'An innovation!' they cried.

'The whole thing being an innovation, I thought the society would pardon this one,' Amy answered.

'We're not objecting,' Mary Lattimer explained, 'we're enjoying.'

'Don't know when I've enjoyed a missionary meeting so much,' Lauara Ferris announced. 'I will come every time, if you keep up this sort of meeting.'

'That is what I hoped we could do,' Amy said.

The postal-card party had served its purpose well.

The Dog Protected the Deer.

A man whom I know has been staying in New Hampshire this summer, and he tells that one day as he was driving over the hills he saw a beautiful deer drinking out of the trough by the wayside. So intent was she that she did not seem to notice a dog which was trotting down the road towards her. Fearful lest harm should come to the graceful little creature the man tried to drive the dog away. What was his surprise to see the deer, when she had finished drinking, turn to the dog, greet him by rubbing her nose against him, while he responded by licking her face. Then together they trotted away over the fields, evidently on the best of terms. He spoke of his adventure to his New Hampshire host, and was told that the deer was tame, that it had been brought up by a farmer's wife, who found it, just a new born baby, in the field by her farm house. The mother had been killed by some accident, and the tiny creature would have died from exposure had not the woman rescued it. She took it to the house, and brought it up, and it became a household pet, devoted to its mistress and all the members of the family. But its dearest friend and chosen playmate was the hunting dog, and together the two ranged field and wood, the dog constituting himself the protector of the fawn. This is one of the occasional strange friendships of the world, and it is valuable as proof of what propinquity will accomplish. —Boston 'Daily Advertiser.'

Be Strong.

(Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, in the 'Morning Star.')

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name!

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

Tongues and Ears.

'Once upon a time a peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange-looking upon it.

'"What is that?" he asked. "Is it something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.)

'"No," was the reply; "those are ears. They belonged to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it, so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

'After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it.

'"What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?"

'"No," he was told; "these are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so, when they died, their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

'Wasn't that a good lesson for us all?'—'Spelman Messenger.'

Are You Serving Jesus or Satan?

You are doing either one. Don't you want to serve Jesus? He wants you to come and He says, 'Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Do come to Him dear friend and He will not cast you out, for He wants you to spend your life for Him.

Think of what He has done for you. Think of His agony in Gethsemane. Of the cruel scourging without a murmur of complaint, and His dreadful suffering on the cross. Oh! think of those great nails being driven through his hands and feet. Those hands that were ever ready to do an act of kindness to any one. Then that sword piercing His side and the blood coming forth from His dear body.

Dear friend that blood flowed for you. Jesus truly did all this for you and me. What have we done for Him. Oh! Don't you want to do something for Him? Come to Him and serve Him in spite of obstacles. He is ever with you and will give you strength and 'peace that passeth understanding?' Don't be afraid to speak for Him. If you are ashamed of Him He will be ashamed of you. He is always with those who love Him. He has often helped and strengthened me and He will you too.

Oh! Won't you join our band. We are marching along. Soon we shall be there. Do join our army and take Jesus for your captain. Decide now. Do not wait, but come to Jesus now. If you do not listen to His call now you may never get the chance. Jesus is calling to all the world; come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden. Are you going to be one who will not answer to that call?

—One who wants to do something for God.

Definition of Bible Terms.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was a cent.

An ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—'Evangelist.'

How May I Know Whether I am a Christian or Not?

A Christian is a follower of Christ, one who loves him, and is trying to be like him, and trusts in him for forgiveness of sin. Do you love him? Are you trying to be like him? Do you trust him to forgive your sins?

If you are not sure whether you love him or not, apply these tests: Do you like to be with him in prayer? In meditation? In studying his word? Do you like to see other people honor him, and does it grieve you to see them dishonor him? Do you ever try to do anything to please him? If you can honestly answer 'Yes' to any of these questions, then I believe you do love him a little. Pray that your love to him may grow deeper and stronger, and then exercise it by trying to do more things to please him, and by spending more time in communion with him, and by helping others to honor him.

Are you trying every day to be like him? If you can honestly answer 'Yes' to this question, I believe that is another proof that you love him. Pray that you may try harder.

Do you trust him to forgive your sins? Your own goodness can never save you, though you try never so hard. It is only by God's loving-kindness that you will be saved. Ask him every day to forgive your sins, and to strengthen you against temptation; then believe that he has done it, as he promised, and turn away from your sin for his dear sake.

Think over these questions carefully between yourself and God and answer them to him. Tell him, just as you have told me, that you want to find the way to him, and trust him to show you. Then give yourself heartily and entirely to him and to his service for your whole life, asking him to forgive your sins, and accept you as his child. When you have done this sincerely, do not let any doubts trouble you. Put them away, and believe that you are his child, that you are saved; and because he has saved you, and accepted you as his child, try with your whole heart every day to live as his child should, and then do not be afraid to make it known at once to your mother and to your friends that henceforth you are on the Lord's side and mean to serve him faithfully, for confessing his name will strengthen your purpose. —'C. E. World.'

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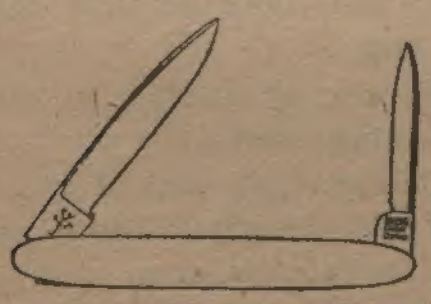

Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pearl to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

We give just one premium offer as sample. Watch this corner again next issue.

LITTLE FOLKS

Saint Valentine's Day.

There is a beautiful legend or story that you must ask your mother or Sunday-school teacher to tell you of Saint Valentine. 'Once upon a time,' so the story says, 'this old saint who loved birds and animals knew how to call them and talk to them. The animals and birds loved him in return. The birds chose his birthday as the day to come together and sing their sweetest songs for him and for each other, and then "chose the one whom they loved best." This is still a happy 'I love you day,' when we send our friends and all whom we hold dear, a loving wish.

Would it not be a happy plan all of you dear children to say, 'I love you,' to some one who doesn't get the sweet messages the postman brings?;

You might give part of your valentine money to buy a 'living valentine,' a flower or plant to send to some sick child to blossom in her window and to say, 'I love you,' to her each day with its sweet flower face and voice, its beautiful fragrance.—'Selected.'

From the Old German.

How should the heart of a little child be?
'As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea;
'As clear as the dews from the heavens that fall,
'As true as the mirror that hangs on the wall;
'As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the lark
That trills out its song 'twixt the day and the dark;
'As glad as the angels when, soaring, they fly,
On the bright wings of love to their home in the sky.

Do All That You Can.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

'I cannot do much,' said a little star,
'To make this dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I'll do the best I can.'

'What can be the use,' said a fleecy cloud,
'Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud
If caught in her chalice of gold;
But I, too, am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can.'

A child went merrily out to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head—
Mother said: 'Darling, do all that you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan.'

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its raincup full,
How, why, or for what, all strange things are;
She was only a child at school,
But she thought; "'Tis a part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped another child along.

The Little Child's Wish.

('Little Folks.')

'Mamma, I want that little star
That's shining in the sky,
But it is up so very far—
I cannot reach so high.

'I want it for my very own
To be with me at night;
It would be nice when left alone
To have that pretty light.

'And then, mamma, I might be told
About that home so fair,
And it on harps of shining gold
The angels play up there.

'My child, while in this home below
Be patient, good, and true,
Then at the last you'll surely know
What angels say and do.

'And like that star whose light pours down,
You (when this life is past),
Within your Heavenly Father's crown,
Will shine a star at last.'

When the way was rough to his feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we thought wondrous sweet;
And her father—a weary, toil-worn man—
Said: 'I, too, will do the best that I can.'

Dot and Silver Floss

(By Marion Wood, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Dot crept slowly forth into the wide street with her doll tied by a string to her wrist—for as Dot explained to her—it was the only possible way, as she needed both her hands for her crutches. The doll was very shabby and worn, but Dot loved her and called her Lilly Maud. Dot had come out this afternoon in hope of seeing Silver Floss. Silver Floss was the name Dot had given to a beautiful little girl that they sometimes saw in this street walking with a great white poodle. She had smiled at Dot one day, and had been loved by her ever since. 'Of course, Lilly Maud, Silver Foss is not her right name, but it is not a bit too nice, is it?' said Dot. Lilly Maud thought Silver Floss was a beautiful little girl and always listened most attentively to all Dot's stories about her. Sometimes Dot said she was a fairy and at night went up to sleep in a star, but oftener was just a little girl like herself, only very pretty and very good. 'And remember, Lilly Maud,' Dot would say, 'she has not to go around on crutches, but can run and play and help her mother and be kind to everybody.' By and by they came to a shop and Dot stopped to gaze at the wonderful dolls in the window. 'Not that I love them half as well as you, Lilly Maud, but just because I am a little girl and like to look.' Just then something gave her wrist a sharp pull; she looked down to see a white poodle with Lilly Maud's heels in his mouth. She made a wild clutch for her, but it was too late; the cord broke and the poodle rushed away with Lilly Maud. 'Oh! oh!' she screamed and limped as quickly as possible after them, but the dog was soon lost to sight and she was left crying piteously.

The white poodle rushed on with poor Lilly Maud held firmly in his mouth. At last he came to a gate under which he shoved himself and never stopped until he had laid Lilly Maud at the feet of a little girl who was playing on a large green lawn. Lilly Maud had uttered no sound, and even now when it was Silver Floss she was quiet and composed.

'Fido! Fido! What have you done?' said Silver Floss; but the

SILVER FLOSS.

poodle only wagged his tail and barked with glee. 'Poor little dolly, I wonder where he got it?'

'Fido has stolen it,' said the little old lady who sat near knitting. 'You bad dog, bad dog. Go away,' she scolded. 'I have often told you, Anna, not to encourage your dog to run away with things. He has most likely taken that from some poor child on the street.'

Lilly Maud was very glad to see Fido sent off, for although she had lain so quiet in his mouth, she had been very much afraid.

All the day she played with Silver Floss and her dolls. They were all very grand dolls indeed, and most of them treated Lilly Maud very nicely, but Silver Floss had to give the doll from Paris a severe punishment for being proud of her clothes and unkind to a stranger. Lilly Maud did not know what she had done, but knew is was something very bad for she heard Silver Floss say in a voice exactly like the old lady's, 'I am ashamed, indeed, that a child of mine could be so unkind.'

After a long time Silver Floss put them to bed. Lilly Maud shared a beautiful cot with the Paris doll, because Silver Floss said, 'She is sorry she was unkind and wants you to sleep with her.' When Lilly Maud awoke she saw Silver Floss and a tall dark gentleman talLing to the little old lady.

'Yes that must be the doll that her little heart was breaking for.'

'Well! well!' said the little old lady, 'how very strange that you, James, should have run across the child, and how fortunate.'

'I ran into her just as I turned the corner and made her tell me all about it; I offered to buy her a beautiful doll, but she would have none of them—said, 'she wanted Lilly Maud.' Had she told me it was a white poodle I would have suspected the culprit, but she said it was Silver Floss's dog and neither of us knew where she lived.'

Late that afternoon there was a knock at Dot's door and when she opened it she saw an old lady, and behind her was—Oh! wonder of wonders—Silver Floss with Lilly Maud wrapped in a beautiful shawl. That night as Dot lay smiling in her sleep her mother hummed a little tune of happiness, for the old lady had promised to give her money she had needed to have Dot's little lame leg attended to, and she knew her little girl could be cured.

Three-fourths Good.

'Now will you be good?' said little Rob Wood
To his baby sister Sue,
As he lifted his hand with a look of command,
And the baby answered, 'Goo.'

'You've sucked Noah's paint till he's ready to faint,
And wrecked nearly all of his crew.
Is that being good?' asked stern Bobby Wood,
And the baby gurgled out 'Goo.'

'You mean pretty well, so seldom you yell,
And you never were known to look blue,
But you're not always good—that's quite understood'—
And the little one laughed and said, 'Goo.'

'Goo is three-fourths of good,' said wise Bobby Wood;
'I suppose that's the best you can do;
But when you're as big as I am, you sprig,
You'll have to be good clear through!'

—'Selected.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The 'Cradle Tomb' in Westminster Abbey.

There is no more pathetic sight in the grand old Abbey of Westminster, full as it is of religious and historical associations, than the 'Cradle Tomb,' which commemorates the death of an English princess who died three hundred and one years ago. On the altar steps at the east end of the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel is this tomb fashioned in the form of a cradle, and showing the figure of a child sleeping peacefully beneath a laced coverlet. It is the perfection of the simple realism of art, and attracts at once by its homely truth, and by the appeal it makes to all hearts, and more especially to those who have known a kindred sorrow to that felt by King James and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, when untimely Fate carried away the royal rosebud—but only, as the epitaph declares, to bloom again in Christ's rose-garden.

Some lines written by Susan Coolidge express the unspoken thoughts of many who have stood by the cradle tomb at Westminster:—

A little rudely sculptured bed,
With shadowing folds of marble lace,
And quilt of marble, primly spread,
And folded round a baby's face.

Smoothly the mimic coverlet,
With royal blazonries bedight,
Hangs, as by tender fingers set,
And straightened for the last good-night.

And traced upon the pillowing stone
A dent is seen, as if, to bless
That quiet sleep, some grieving one
Had leaned, and left a soft impress.

It seems no more than yesterday
Since the sad mother, down the stair
And down the long aisle, stole away,
And left her darling sleeping there.

But dust upon the cradle lies,
And those who prized the baby so,
And decked her couch with heavy sighs,
Were turned to dust long years ago.

Above the peaceful pillowed head
Three centuries brood; and strangers peep,
And wonder at the carven bed:
But not unwept the baby's sleep;

For wistful mother-eyes are blurred
With sudden mists, as lingerers stay,
And the old dusts are roused and stirr'd,
By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

Soft furtive hands caress the stone,
And hearts o'erleaping place and age,
Melt into memories and own
A thrill of common parentage.

Men die, but sorrow never dies!
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.

Of common share in grief and loss,
And heritage in the immortal bloom
Of Love, which, flowering round its cross,
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

We share the grief of the royal hearts that ached three centuries ago, and now are dust. If Sorrow is immortal, so also is Sympathy.—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

Put one and a half pounds of shank of veal chopped into pieces in a small soup kettle, cover with cold water; add one teaspoonful salt, a leek, one onion, a small carrot, a white turnip and a bouquet; cover tightly and set the kettle in the oven and cook two hours; remove, strain the broth through a napkin to free it from fat. Put three pints of this broth in a saucepan and place it over the fire. Beat up one egg in a bowl till light; add half teaspoonful melted butter, one teaspoonful flour, one tablespoonful milk and a pinch of salt, mix all together; hold this over the soup and let it run slowly into the boiling soup; cook three minutes; remove from fire; add one tablespoonful fine-chopped parsley and serve.

DROP DUMPLINGS.

Drop dumplings are considered great delicacies, but want a very light hand to make them successfully. Beat up a tablespoonful of good dripping till quite white; dip an egg into boiling water, then break it into the dripping, and beat these together; now add two tablespoonfuls of flour, pepper and salt to taste, a grate of nutmeg and a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley. Form the mixture into pieces the size of a large walnut, drop them into the boiling soup, and cook them about a quarter of an hour.

NUT CARAMELS.

Two cupfuls of molasses, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of glycerine, one cupful of grated chocolate, a piece of butter, the size of an egg, one cupful of chopped walnuts. Boil rapidly, for thirty minutes, the first four of these ingredients. Add the chocolate and butter and boil for twenty minutes longer. Test by dropping a little into very cold water, using your judgment to determine the desirable degree of hardness. It will be of the same hardness when cold as when dropped into the water. When done add the nuts and pour into a buttered tin. When nearly cold mark into squares.

BROWNED RICE.

Browned rice is a favorite sanatorium dish, and one that is especially adapted to invalids, young children or old people who require a light supper if they would have a good night's rest. To prepare it, put the rice on tin plates in the oven and brown just as you would coffee. Stir frequently to prevent scorching. It will require some little time to brown, but it can be attended to while other work is going on and then put in glass cans until needed. It should be a golden brown when finished. Put a few spoonfuls in a small saucepan with a little salt and water to barely cover. Cook rapidly for fifteen minutes, shaking often to prevent sticking.

When tender serve hot with milk or cream, syrup or fruit juice, though many prefer it without any addition.

Browned rice is also excellent served as a vegetable with chicken, veal or lamb.

Jesus Himself Drew Near.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'C. E. World.')

We had wrought till the brain was weary;
We had toiled till the hands were numb;
The look of the day was dreary,
And the song on our lips grew dumb.
When lo! in a sudden gleaming
Came the glow of a wonderful cheer;
We were neither asleep nor dreaming,
When the Master Himself drew near.

Our hands that the tasks had hardened
He held in a nail-pierced hand;
Our hearts that were heavy and burdened
He was swift to understand.
All in an instant, heaven
Had brought its brightness here;
We had sinned, but were sin-forgiven:
The Master Himself drew near.

We sat in the halls of feasting;
We were glad as the children are;
Over our path no shadow;
We had fought with never a scar.
In the midst of our deep rejoicing
Did there come a shiver of fear?
Nay, foolish heart and faithless,
For the Master Himself drew near.

And He blessed the loaf, and brake it;
And the cup Himself He poured;
And He told us that joy and gladness
Were ours in the light of the Lord;
So we know that bliss or sorrow,
The ache, or the smile, or the tear,
Is each in its turn a blessing
When the Master Himself draws near.

So hallowed a thing is living,
So beautiful daily toil,
When the Christ we follow is giving
Better than earthly spoil;
So close are we held in His keeping,
We never may doubt or fear;
To His own, in waking or sleeping,
The Master Himself draws near.

Labelling Children.

The name of every child and its home address should be written under the collar or on the sleeve, on the left side. Or it may be written on the inside lining of the shoe, since then it will not wash out, and the name can be found without undressing the child. As soon as a child can talk it should be taught to repeat its name and the name of the street in which it lives. If these suggestions are heeded, lost children will be easily restored to their parents.—'Babyhood.'

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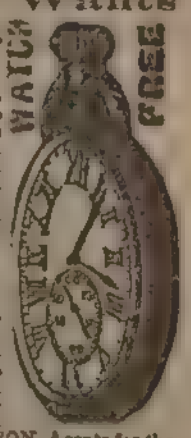

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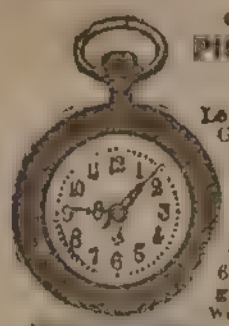

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Rob's Gymnasium Ticket.

'Mother, can't I buy a ticket to the gymnasium for this summer?' asked Rob Royse.

'How much does it cost?'

'Four dollars; but that includes baths, and —and just lots of things.'

'Could your little brother go in on your ticket?'

'No, of course not, but—'

'Then I am sure we can't afford it, Bob,' she said firmly.

'But, mother, I need it so! I'm all stooped over and weak-armed, and thin as a rail,' he pleaded.

Mrs Royse sighed, for what Rob said was true, and her great anxiety was to see her two boys grow strong and straight. Still, they could hardly afford the four dollars just now and she could not give to one and not to the other. So she answered quietly.

'Alden needs it, too, dear,' adding after a pause, 'I wonder if we could not have a gymnasium of our own?'

'If we had a big barn we could, but we can't stand up in our coal-shed.'

'What about the back yard—an outdoor gymnasium?'

'That big, old bare lot!'

'Yes. It needs to be big and bare, and the high fence around it is just the thing. The dead apple tree will make a fine hold for our swinging ropes, and we can easily fix up the place for basket ball, horizontal bars, and all those things.'

'And we'll have swinging ladders,' put in Rob, suddenly all enthusiasm, 'and Dollard Wright has a pair of saw horses he'll give us. Say, mother, wouldn't it be nice to have Dollard in our gym?'

Mrs. Royse looked dubious. 'We don't want a crowd of boys—it would soon give us trouble; but three would make it nicer than two, so if you promise to ask no one else, you may have him in it.'

'And between us we have money enough to buy our Indian clubs right off. Mayn't I go over and tell him about it?'

Away he bounded, leaving his mother smiling over her work and planning how to transform the ugly back yard into a first-class gymnasium.

'I'll make them a floor-mat by sewing together those two old mattresses in the attic, and covering them with denim. It can be kept in the lattice porch at night. The best thing about the plan is that the boys are developing their muscles and they are in the open air at the same time, and happy at home where I can be with them. Maybe I shall get a little physical culture myself!' laughed the wise little woman.

That night the charter members of the Royse gymnasium held a caucus as Rob called it, and the most enthusiastic member of all was Mr. Royse himself.

'Well, we must all get to work and clean the yard till it looks like new,' he said. 'Then I'll see that the ropes are up good and strong. If a punching-bag doesn't cost too much, we will have one in the corner.'

This was greeted with cheers, Dollard exclaiming: 'Oh, let me buy that! Father was going to give me a gym ticket, and I'll just take the four dollars to get apparatus. We can invent so many nice games with the apparatus.'

'I know one already!' cried Alden. 'It's to put a tin can—an opened one—on the end of a pole, and see how may times you can throw it up and catch it on the pole again. It takes lots of practice.'

The older boys smiled over this, but Mrs. Royse declared that it would be fine training for the muscles of the back. Although they tried it next day 'just for Alden's sake,' Rob and Dollard got plenty of fun out of the tin can during that jolly summer.

Indeed the whole gymnasium was a grand success. To be sure no grass grew in the Royses' back yard that year; but there are many things better than grass. The boys developed some respectably big muscles, and became very skilful in their games. And since there were only three of them and it takes four to play most games, Mrs. Royse was often coaxed to leave her work and join them.

When she declared she was 'getting more physical culture than the housework could stand,' the boys resolved to help. They washed dishes, made beds, swept rooms, and, in fact, as Dollard said 'they 'turned girl so that she could turn boy when the work was done.'

'We're a Mutual Aid Society' she explained to Mr. Royse, while Alden whispered, confidently: 'Do you know, father, I never used to love mother as much as I do now. She's so jolly and always plays so fair!'

When fall came, Mrs. Wright offered the use of her big attic for the winter, and here, though somewhat hampered by low rafters, the boys continued their muscle training.

'Are you satisfied with your summer's gymnasium ticket, Rob?' asked Mrs. Royse, with a smile, as she helped him gather up his school books on the opening day.'

'Well, I guess so!' he exclaimed, heartily 'And it didn't cost four dollars, either, did it?'

'No. Did you notice how sturdy Alden has grown during the summer? He looks like a different boy.

'Sure enough! And Dollard and I have got biceps like a blacksmith's. Just feel that! I tell you mother, it's funny that every boy doesn't get up a gym of his own. Don't you think so?'—The 'American Boy.'

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Six Rules for the Furnace.

For the general, everyday working of a furnace, the following rules are offered by the experienced furnace-man:

1. Close check in chimney pipe and the slide in door.

2. Open the air-box a little, then shake the grate till live coals begin to fall. Leave the lower door open. As soon as there is a good draft put on a little fresh coal and open cold-air box fully.

3. While waiting for the fire to get a good start remove all the ashes. If there are any clinkers or bunches of ashes in the bottom of grate they should be broken up and raked out.

4. In about five minutes close the drafts, which can be regulated during the day according to the house temperature.

5. At night shake the fire down more or less as its condition demands and put on fresh coal; not so much, however, as in the morning.

Close the air-box two-thirds or wholly if little heat is required during the night. Open the check and the slide in the door.—Selected.

Do We Use Our Bibles?

A bright little fellow was turning over the dusty leaves of the family Bible, when suddenly he asked his mother:

'Mother, is this God's book?'

'Yes,' she replied.

'Why, then,' said the little fellow, 'hadn't we better send it back to God, for we never use it?'—Selected.

Cleaning Soiled Ribbon.

(Alice Jefferies, in the 'New England Homestead.')

The method is exceedingly simple, and answers the purpose for all except white ribbon or those that are very badly mussed. Fill a glass fruit jar about half full of gasoline, more or less, according to the amount of ribbon to be cleaned. Place the soiled ribbon in it—all colors, lengths and kinds may go in at once—and screw the cover on tightly. Shake the bottle occasionally and leave it closed for from two to six hours, or over night. Then take out the ribbons, shake each one well and hang it to dry in the open air. The ribbins will be clean, and the dirt will be found in the bottom of the jar. Of course, the ribbons need a thorough airing and sun bath to remove the odor of the gasoline, but that is all. No pressing is required, as the gasoline does not affect them as water would.

For white ribbons or those badly creased or mussed prepare a suds of soft water and any pure soap, wash the ribbons in this, just as you would a fine handkerchief, rinse and let it partially dry. Take it down while still damp in all parts and roll it smoothly over a wide card or piece of pasteboard, rolling a clean piece of white muslin with it. Wrap the muslin around last, so that the ribbon shall be covered, and place the whole under a heavy weight. Leave it until it shall have had time to dry. The muslin will absorb the moisture and the ribbon will come out looking fresh and clean, and will have lost none of its 'life,' as is the case with ribbons which are pressed with an iron.

Mistakes of Women.

One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea and anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. Doesn't she know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted, she will write letters or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosoms. Women cross bridges before they come to them, and even build bridges to cross. They imagine misfortune, and run out to meet it.

Women are not jolly enough. They make too serious business of life, and laugh at its little humors too seldom. Men can stop in the midst of perplexities and have a hearty laugh. It keeps them young. Women cannot, and that is one reason why they fade so early—there are other reasons, but we will pass them now. Worry not only wrinkles the face, but it wrinkles and withers the mind. Have a hearty laugh once in a while; it is a good antiseptic, and will purify the mental atmosphere, drive away evil imaginings, bad temper, and other ills.—Buffalo 'Times.'

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Trained Hearers.

Parents in their kind consideration of their small children are disposed to excuse them from attendance upon the regular church service on Sunday morning, thinking that they cannot understand what is said in prayer and sermon. But they are not so wise in this matter as in others wherein they desire that their children shall have the earliest possible treaning. A child may not be interested in the church service and may be disposed to play or may fall asleep. The moment comes, however, when the little ears catch a sentence, attention is given, and thought is awakened. The power of giving attention is developed and the child becomes a good listener to sermons. Church congregations consist chiefly of trained hearers who have the habit and power of giving attention such as is not found in street audiences or in crowds of curiosity seekers in hall meetings. Some church congregations are highly trained in hearing and the preacher feels the strong support of their attention. The best hearers are those trained from childhood and if children are brought to church from the first dawn of comprehension their minds will open to the truth from the pulpit as the bud opens to the light. The hearing of sermons is a fine art to be cultivated and the earlier the power is developed the better the hearing.—'The Watchman.'

The Feet.

Hot water enlarges the feet by drawing the blood to them. When used the feet should be exercised before attempting to put on a tight boot. Mustard and hot water in a foot bath will cure a nervous headache and induce sleep. Bunions and corns and callousness are nature's protection against bad shoe leather. Two hot foot baths a week and a little pedicuring will remove the cause of much discomfort. A warm bath with an ounce of salt is almost as restful as a nap. Paddle in the water until it cools, dry with a rough towel, put on fresh stockings, make a change of shoes, and the person who was 'ready to drop' will then be ready to stand up.—Selected.

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